

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

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## The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1856.

**THE OLD GRAVE YARD**, on Market street, Lewisburg, is being graded for the new house of worship. The large Cherry tree in the center is cut down, and the remains of scores of the deceased have been removed by surviving friends. In digging for the foundation walls, and the shallow excavation which is necessary, the shovel occasionally touches the narrow bed of an unknown mortal—evincing by a slight hollow, a few pieces of decayed wood, black, crumbling bones, hairs, woolen fabrics yet unconsumed, dust mingled with its mother earth—all of which are gathered in a box as well as may be, and buried deeper. A number—some fondly remembered, others perhaps utterly forgotten—will be undisturbed, and the church-house their monument. It is suggested that the tomb-stones removed be re-erected outside the wall of the house, and thus mark as near as may be the spot where love and duty deposited the relics of cherished ones in the fond hope that they would never be disturbed until the morning of the resurrection.

**MATHIAS JOSEPH ELLENKLUYSEN.**—There is one broken tomb-stone, lying near the cherry-tree where it was originally deposited, the inscription on which we have copied as perhaps the only means of perpetuating it, as follows:

Here lieth the body of **MATHIAS JOSEPH ELLENKLUYSEN**, who departed this life July 17, 1792, aged 38 Years and 3 Months. Since it is so we all must die A. D. n. o. one doth escape So let us all to Jesus fly & seek for refuge there.

This gentleman owned a good portion of the town of "Louisiana," by gift from his father, Carel Ellenkluysen, of Rotterdam in Holland, merchant, and at one time president of the town. The son's interest was but a year or two enjoyed by him, when he died. An aged citizen (probably the oldest resident, born here) thinks he just remembers him—an elegantly dressed, gentlemanly man, said to have been "rather wild" in his day. His wife, Clara Helena, married John Thornburgh, who also died, and was buried near Ellenkluysen. She married a third time, and removed Westward. Nearly sixty-four years have gone by since his death, but surely this tomb-stone should be preserved for the honor of the town. No brick is left of the wall which formerly surrounded it.

**COL. JOHN KELLY'S** remains, with the monument erected at a celebration in 1835, were removed to the Cemetery last week. He was a settler in Buffalo Valley, from Lancaster county, in 1768. At the age of 27, he was a Major in the Revolutionary army, and with Washington at the battles of Princeton and Trenton. One incident of that era, was thus narrated by the late James Merrill, Esq.:

"In the course of one of our retreats, the Commander-in-chief, through Col. Potter, sent an order to Maj. Kelly to have a certain bridge cut down to prevent the advance of the British, who were then in sight. The Major sent for an axe, but represented that the enterprise would be very hazardous. Still, the British advance must be stopped, and the order was not withdrawn. He said he could not order another to do what some might say he was asked to do himself, he would cut down the bridge. Before all the legs on which the bridge lay were cut off, he was completely within the range of the British fire, and several balls struck the log on which he stood. The last log broke down sooner than he expected, and he fell with it into the swollen stream. Our soldiers moved on, not believing it possible for him to make his escape. He, however, by great exertions, reached the shore, through the high water and the floating timber, and followed the troops. Encumbered as he must have been with his wet and frozen clothes, he made a prisoner, on his road, of an armed British scout, and took him into camp. History mentions that our army was preserved by the destruction of that bridge; but the manner in which it was done, or the name of the person who did it, is not mentioned. It was but one of a series of heroic acts, which happened every day, and our soldiers were then more familiar with the sword than the pen."

Subsequently, Col. Kelly was called back to Buffalo Valley, where he took the lead in defending the exposed frontier against the savage allies of Britain. The settlers were ultimately driven in mass from the Valley. But he was among the first to return, and while an especial object of the Indians' hate, was also their sore enemy, and a vigilant thwarting of their designs. His anecdotes of warfare upon wild beasts and wilder men, were well worthy of preservation, but are daily becoming lost or confused. In 1832, he departed this life, universally honored, at the good old age of 82. As a magistrate, he was emphatically a peace man—often paying the costs between parties, if thereby he could effect a compromise. In person, he was most powerfully formed, being six feet two inches in height, and of corresponding breadth of chest and strength of limb—A few large bones were all the visible memorials of the once powerful Indian fighter—the brave commander of Washington in the glories that followed the darkest night of our country's history.

The Monument to the young and lamented Capt. PATTERSON, was removed with his remains, to the Cemetery, some time ago.

**MARY BRADY AND JOHN BRADY.**—Will be removed this week, the memorials of **MARY BRADY**, deceased in 1783, aged 48. She was the wife of Capt. John Brady, of the Revolutionary army, who, in 1778, was shot dead near Fort Mifflin, by the Indians. About eight months previous, their son James was scalped by the Indians, while reaping oats on the farm of Peter Smith, at Turkey Run, one mile below Williamsport; he survived five days. They had 5 other sons and 4 daughters—among the former, Capt. Samuel Brady,

\*In 1785, "Ludwick Derr of Buffalo Township, N. Cumberland County, Yeoman, and Catherine his wife," did, "in consideration of the sum of Seven shillings, and six pence, in Gold or Silver money to them in hand paid," sell and convey to Walter Clark, Wm. Gray and Wm. Wilson of White Deer Township, County and State aforesaid, "the premises noted" on trust for the Presbyterian congregation, and near Lewisburg, for a Presbyterian meeting house and burying ground."

the celebrated Indian hater, and Gen. Hugh Brady, of the U.S. Army. Gen. Brady said: "Many a day have I walked by the side of my brother John, while he was ploughing, and carried my rifle in one hand, and a forked-stick in the other, to clear the ploughshare. Sometimes my mother would go with us to prepare our dinner. This was contrary to our wishes, but she said that while she shared the dangers that surrounded us she was more contented than when left at the Fort. Thus we continued till the end of the War, when peace—happy peace—again invited the people to return to their homes."

**OF JOHN BRADY**, who died in 1809, aged 48, Gen. Brady left on record the following: "My brother John, in his 15th year, was in the battle of Brandywine, and was wounded. On the retreat, he would have been captured, had not his Colonel (Cook) taken him up behind him. John had gone to the army with my father, in order to take home the horses ridden out, and was directed to return. But John heard from Essoign Boyd, that a battle was expected to be fought soon. He therefore remained to see the fight; and when my father took command of his company, on the morning of the battle, he found John in the ranks, with a big rifle by his side, and my father was wounded in the battle, and Essoign Boyd was killed. As one good year deserves another, two of my brothers, many years after, married two of the Colonel's daughters."

The names of **BRADY** and **KELLY** are perpetuated in their respective neighborhoods by two of the most fertile and lovely Townships on the west bank of the Otzmatchson.

"Doubtless other mementoes, in the same yard, were placed above the lifeless forms of as noble men and worthy women as these; but we have not the acquaintance with facts, the time, nor the room, to enlarge the list.

### An Example from old Times.

There are those who have no particular horror against the Missouri border ruffians, against the murderers of Coleman, Brown and Barber, against the Slaveholders who go to Kansas armed to the teeth, nor yet against the Executive who denounces as traitors and rebels and threatens the U. S. courts against the honest settlers of Kansas who desire to guard that fair land against the curse of Slavery. But they do speak and write against all who go there armed to defend themselves against dangers of every kind—against bears, Indians, and more savage men—and are particularly horrified that Bibles and Sharp's Rifles should be given to emigrants, in public meetings, and encouraged by ministers of the Gospel of peace. But self-preservation is the first law of nature. They have no right to expose themselves and families to outrage and oppression and suffering.

Our Revolutionary Fathers tho't they had a right to defend themselves against violence, and to resist Tyranny. Many instances of this kind are familiar to our history. A work is just passing through the press, which tells the following incident in the life of Col. Houghton, a grandfather of the late eminent Baptist minister, Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D. D. It shows what our fathers thought of the relation between Bibles and rifles, and the bearing of Christian duty upon a great public exigency—backed from their position, as had Barstow and M'Arthur—received Barstow's message by a vote of 37 to 9—and thus ended a long and disgraceful attempt to defraud the people under the cloak of "Democracy."

Another characteristic proof of Nebraska morality is shown in the case of the State Treasurer. To gain and keep the votes of the Norwegian emigrants in the State, a reputable and somewhat wealthy Norwegian, E. H. Jansen, was a year or two since elected State Treasurer—the leaders assuring him that they would manage the finances without troubling him. And they have so "managed" it, that the honest Norwegian proved to be defaulter in some \$20,000, which he will probably have to make up (or his bail) from private resources, while his kind "friends" the "leaders" have used the funds in private speculation!

Two lessons in this sort of "Democracy," we should suppose sufficient to purge a young State like Wisconsin, and cure the Norwegians of over-love for such guardian politicians.

### The Great Difference.

Nearly all new countries are settled by Emigrant Aid Societies of some kind or other. In the case of Kansas, there are Aid Societies, both North and South; but the most efficient agency is the U. S. Government, every employee of which is an aider and abettor of Slavery ruffianism. A correspondent of the *Congressional Journal*, in alluding to this subject, gives the following comparison of the results of a small outfit in settling free New England, and a larger outfit in slave Virginia:

"With but a small expenditure in the enterprise—less than Ten Thousand Pounds—the first settlers of New England were thrown upon their own resources. The first settlers of the Old Dominion had lavish expenditures made on them—more than Two Hundred Thousand Pounds—and with a more favorable soil and climate, yet made no returns to their patrons. Whether the experiment of settling Kansas with persons from the South and from the North will be accompanied with a like difference in expenditure, concerns most those who are engaged in the enterprise."

We learn that the anti-Douglas Democracy of Illinois mean to organize fully in the approaching campaign, and dethrone Douglas effectually. Col. Wm. H. Bissell will unquestionably lead off as their candidate for Governor. His name and fame will quite overpower the Douglas set for the office—Murray M'Connell.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

The four babies who took the leading prizes in the Boston baby show have all since died—killed, doubtless, by precocity—foolishly stimulated by fond parents.

## ANGEL MUSIC.

[From the Memphis Eagle & Enquirer.]  
When the twilight weeps 'neath her azure veil,  
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,  
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,  
And a golden harp in her hand she brings:  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I hush my breath while the angel sings:  
Oh, the love-rays beam from her dew-dimmed eye,  
Like the soft star beams from the twilight sky,  
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,  
While the sweet strains on the golden strings;  
Soft, sweet, and low,  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I weep for joy while the angel sings:  
Like the soft, south wind, when he waxes the flowers,  
Like the glad bird's note in his love-worshiped bowers,  
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind's harp strings,  
And the rapture that the angel sings:  
Soft, sweet, and low,  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I dream of love while the angel sings:  
Like the plaintive voice of the mourning dove,  
Like the wild, wild wail of the howling dove,  
Like the groans that sweep on the night winds' wings,  
And the rapture that the angel sings:  
Soft, sweet, and low,  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I weep for joy while the angel sings:  
Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,  
And the soul of him in its music dwells;  
And the tale of song o'er the glowing strings  
Flows from and free from the labor strings:  
Rich numbers flow,  
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings!  
LEWISBURG, TENN., Oct., 1855. MEXIE.

## Ruffianism at a Discount.

WISCONSIN DEMOCRACY, has exhibited itself, the past year, in no enviable light. The election for Governor was closely contested, and by fraudulent votes—as is now evident—Gov. Barstow was declared re-elected, and re-inaugurated, aided by several military companies of his party, under arms. Bashford, the Republican candidate, was confident of his own election, and took the oath of office before a Judge of the Supreme Court; but Barstow held the Executive Chamber. On the meeting of the Legislature, the Senate examined the matter, and declared that Bashford held the majority of legal votes. The House refused to concur, by a party vote. Bashford then appealed to the Supreme Court. Barstow denied any power of the Supreme Court over the Executive. The Court declared it had power to examine the evidences of election, and on investigation found that Bashford had about 1000 majority. Barstow then resigned, and placed the Executive Department in the hands of the Lieutenant Governor—a Scotch-born young lawyer, named M'Arthur—and the Democracy claimed that M'Arthur, and not Bashford, became thereby Governor. Bashford, however, assured M'Arthur that he should resort to force, if necessary, to vindicate his right, and the choice of the people; when M'Arthur yielded up the Executive keys. The House, at first, refused, by a party vote of 33 to 34, to recognize Bashford as Governor, but in a short time came to their senses—backed from their position, as had Barstow and M'Arthur—received Barstow's message by a vote of 37 to 9—and thus ended a long and disgraceful attempt to defraud the people under the cloak of "Democracy."

Another characteristic proof of Nebraska morality is shown in the case of the State Treasurer. To gain and keep the votes of the Norwegian emigrants in the State, a reputable and somewhat wealthy Norwegian, E. H. Jansen, was a year or two since elected State Treasurer—the leaders assuring him that they would manage the finances without troubling him. And they have so "managed" it, that the honest Norwegian proved to be defaulter in some \$20,000, which he will probably have to make up (or his bail) from private resources, while his kind "friends" the "leaders" have used the funds in private speculation!

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## FOR PRESIDENT

ANDREW JACKSON

"Freemen cheer the Hickory!"

## English vs. American Girls.

The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusements, which tends to develop and invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock—and all this without having it ever pressed on her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier.

She may not know as much at the age of seventeen as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not; but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hot-house culture, and though maturity comes later, it will proportionally last longer. Eight hours each day of mental application for girls between ten and nineteen years, or ten hours each day, as is sometimes required at school, with two hours for meals, one for religious duties, the remainder for physical exercise, are enough to break down the strongest constitution.—*English paper.*

Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, has sent home from London an original portrait of JOHN HAMPTON, the celebrated English patriot. This portrait belonged to Mr. John Macgregor, member of Parliament for Glasgow, and is presented by him, through Mr. Buchanan, to the Congress of the United States, who will undoubtedly give it a conspicuous place among the national pictures. It is one of the only two original portraits of Hampton now in existence. The picture is now in the Custom House at Philadelphia, awaiting Mr. Buchanan's return to the United States.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot, March 27, states that the case of George New against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has been before the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin county, and has excited considerable interest, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. New claimed damages for injuries received by being run over by a train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, about three miles above Harrisburg. The Jury, after a consultation, brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$1000.

Will he accept?—It is thought by many that Millard Fillmore will not accept the nomination for the Presidency, but will decline in favor of one more likely to unite the opposing forces of the present Administration. More unlikely things than this have happened.—*Tammy Gazette, (American)*

## Political Humor.

"Parson Brownlow," of Tennessee—a waggish editor, formerly a Methodist preacher, but sadly fallen from many graces—was a leading man in the pro-slavery nomination of the Americans. In his glorifying speech after the nomination, he said (as reported at the time):

"It has been understood, as arranged, that Major Donelson would be put on the ticket with ANDREW JACKSON in big letters, and 'doublet' invisible, and then the old line Democrats will think Old Hickory has come to life again."

The intensely "national" editor of the N. Y. *Mirror* also stated (in effect) that, "Put ANDREW JACKSON in large, bold type, and it will catch every Democratic Dutchman in Pennsylvania."

It is difficult to believe that all this is anything but joking. Those editors certainly know that Gen. Jackson, when alive, could not carry his "pet" and favorite, Mr. Van Buren, against Gen. Harrison, as long ago as 1840; and that, even in Tennessee, the people voted against Jacksonism, years before he died. The people generally, and Pennsylvanians in particular, respect the name, and reverence very much in the character of ANDREW JACKSON; but they despise the man and the party who hope or attempt to attain official honors only by the use of his name or his friendship. The idea that they are not fully sensible of his death—or that free schools have not been long enough in Pennsylvania to make nearly all her voters understand the real questions at issue—could only be seriously entertained by city editors, who know the prices of the commodities (conscience often included) which are there sold at grand wholesale and by retail—and don't know *whither* they go.

We treat it all as a determination to have a little fun out of that grand failure, anyhow; and the whole is so effectually "run into the ground" by the country editor, who follows up the idea of the city editor, got up the following, that we are inclined there to leave it. He "flings his banner to the breeze" inscribed as follows:

## American Union People's Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT

ANDREW JACKSON

"Freemen cheer the Hickory!"

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## Good Logic.

"Because some free negroes are poor and miserable, therefore it is right for Slavery to drive Freemen out of Kansas," say some, now-a-days. But, there are always some as poor and as miserable Whites as Blacks in our cities; "therefore," the King of Guinea has a right to make slaves of all the pale-faced Christians he can catch."

One of these arguments is just as good as the other. Considering the disabilities—social, civil, and business—under which the colored people of our country yet labor, on account of the subjugation of their race—it is rather matter of surprise that they succeed so well as they do. In all our towns and cities, they are found—not lounging every where in sight, but diligently at their callings—respectable, intelligent, prosperous colored men, who, though they can not vote, have every manly quality above some who do, and colored women who enjoy life more than many better favored. In the City of Baltimore, in 1850, were 25,457 Free Blacks, and only 2,946 Slaves. Among those Free Blacks, are many of the best and most reliable workmen in the city; they own Houses of Worship, Halls, School Houses, Stocks, Horses and Cows, pleasant houses, and everything required for a prosperous people. They are well instructed in religious truth, rapidly educating themselves, and in every respect proving that they are worthy of the freedom which is the universal right of man.

One test fact against all such arguments remains, and that is, *If Free Blacks are "worse off" than Slaves, why don't they go back to Slavery?* Slaveholders steal free Blacks—make every effort to prevent Slaves running away—break moral laws, and break solemn Compromises, to extend Slavery—Now, if Slavery be better than Freedom, the Blacks must surely know it; and let them, therefore, be Slaves or Freemen, just as they choose, and stop this constant "excitement" and "agitation" about run-aways, Kansas, &c. &c. Not one in a million, having tasted of Freedom, will go back into bondage. If any wish to go back, let them go—nobody objects; but, as St. Paul said, so we advise, "If thou mayest be free, use it rather."

THE LICENSE APPRAISERS.—The three gentlemen appointed by the District Court as Appraisers under the new License Law are a guarantee that the duties will be energetically and faithfully performed, and that the law will be executed in its spirit. Messrs. JAMES M. LINNARD, CHARLES MACALESTER and ALFRED L. ELWYN have the entire confidence of the public, and under their auspices we hope to see every grocery swept from our city.—*Philad. Sun.*

ADULTERATIONS OF QUININE.—The high price (says the Medical Gazette) at which sulphate of quinine can now be had in its purity has led to its extensive adulteration. Physicians and the public should be on their guard, and only obtain the article from safe and reliable hands, else they may be using *arsenic, pepper, or strychnine*; for all these are employed for adulterating purposes.

The Missouri Democrat publishes a letter from Col. Benton to a friend, in which he says he never saw the day he would be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and that he is now further from it than ever, that no earthly consideration could make him a candidate; that neither Congress nor politics have now any attractions for him. In fact, the Colonel retires in disgust.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—The Rev. Mr. Bowen, a Baptist Missionary in Central Africa, describes the City of Ilorin as the largest and most populous he has ever seen, except London. The Rev. Mr. Clark, his associate, says that weavers, tailors, barbers, blacksmiths, shoe and saddle makers are found there, and the most superior saddle stirrup he ever met with.

Ex Gov. John Bigler of California, is appointed U. S. Minister to Stockholm. Let the people reject a man, and modern "Democracy" is sure to promote him. With Pres. Pierce, no doubt, "a fellow feeling" for his own fate, "makes him wondrous kind."

NEWARK, N. J., March 31.—The ordinance of baptism was administered last evening to eleven candidates, in the South Baptist Church, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Patricius McMenamie, who was educated and took orders as a Catholic Priest, in Ireland.

Nathaniel Inaenus Prime, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian minister, died suddenly at Namora Neck, N. Y., on the 27th ult, aged 71. He was a frequent contributor to the columns of the N. Y. Observer and The Presbyterian.

The Albany papers announce the death of Hon. Benjamin F. Harwood, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, aged 38 years. He was much respected, and had filled various offices of public trust, including Presidential elector in 1848.

It is stated that Col. Benton declares his preference for Justice Wayne, of the Supreme Court, for the Presidency.

## THE FARM---

The Garden--The Orchard.

[For the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

## Planting Potatoes.

Quite a controversy is going on, as to whether large, small, or middling sized seed should be used in planting for this important but in many respects failing crop. Some maintain that all the virtue is in the eye of the plant, which determines its character, or variety, but that its size depends altogether upon other circumstances. Others argue that as size in animals is hereditary, so it is, measurably at least, in roots, and therefore use large seed. Others use a middling size, certain that "truth lies between two extremes." Others hold it to be true economy to make use of the larger ones, and plant the small ones, which, containing the vital particle, will produce large and small potatoes, just as a large would.

Now, it is a very easy matter to test which, if either, size is preferable. Prepare your ground all alike, and select the same variety of potato. Divide your seed into large, middling and small. Plant each kind in contiguous hills. Treat them all precisely alike, and dig them at the same time. Keep each sort separate. Then measure them, and you can decide for yourself which produce the greatest yield, and also if there is any difference in the size of the product consequent upon the size of the seed. EXPERIMENT.

## Worse than Debt.

[Some of our readers have, doubtless, seen Mr. Beecher's description of the spell under which the debtor lies, and his caution to farmers to avoid the fearful dilemma into which so many business men are driven. To correct the very erroneous position, that no farmer can afford to pay interest on borrowed capital, we give place to the following extract from one of our best agricultural journals, *The Homestead*, of Hartford, Connecticut.—H. S. O.—*Working Farmer.*]

"There is no crop that can afford to pay interest money for a farm."—*H. W. Beecher.* From Mr. Beecher's pithy description of interest, from which the above sentiment is an extract, one might conclude that debt was the sum of all calamities, and that a tiller of the soil might as well cut his throat as incur pecuniary indebtedness, and the poor wretch who has already incurred this obligation might as well give up in despair. Blisters, teeth, spiders, awls, bayonets, thistles, are the same emblems that shadow forth this conception, but far more poetry. The sentiment at the head of this article is, we believe, at variance with facts in the history of husbandry. We know of farmers who have purchased farms upon credit, for the whole or a part of their purchase money, and yet have gradually paid up, and are now the owners of unencumbered property. Their gains have been slow but sure. They have supported their families in comfort, have educated their children, and given them positions of wealth and influence, and now in mature life, with the prospect of twenty years before them, are in a position of pecuniary independence, that multitudes who have emigrated to the city might envy. They have homes of their own, pleasant social relations, good religious privileges, and the means of education for their children and children's children. This independence has been achieved by a not remarkably skillful use of borrowed capital and their own industry.

We have rarely known a Connecticut farmer of good habits to come to actual bankruptcy, while nine out of every ten who use capital in other pursuits in our cities fail in business. The facts in the case are, that all the ordinary crops of the farm do pay interest money upon the soil they grow on, and not only that, but pay the principal too. If we had the facts of the case before us we believe it would appear that more than one-half of the owners of the farms in this commonwealth have come into their possession by incurring debt, which has been discharged or is now in process of liquidation. Many of these owners are the heirs of a portion of the old homestead, and have bought out the other heirs, and paid up by the yearly profits of the farm. The ordinary crops have carried the burden of subsisting, and educating the family and the additional burden of a large debt.

The idea that it is not as safe to use borrowed capital in husbandry as in other callings is not borne out by the facts. We believe it to be far safer, and where it is unsafe it is owing to something worse than debt. A farmer can generally raise what capital he needs for six per cent, and on time to suit his convenience. He is not put on nettles to meet a payment at the end of thirty days, and obliged to pay the brokers of Wall street eighteen per cent. for a sum to carry him over the crisis. He knows nothing of those convulsions that make men look so horribly blue in our commercial metropolis. We are inclined to think the poetical description of debt which we have quoted would be accepted as a literal fact by many a gentleman of fine broadcloth and fast living in the city. But we manage these things better in the country, where Shylocks are rare.

A debt will prove a curse or a blessing, according to the character of the debtor.

If he has no knowledge of the use of money, no skill in his business, it will prove his ruin. Such a man has nothing but his labor to sell, and should therefore attempt no other transaction. But if he know how to direct his own labor wisely, and to make the labor of others profitable to himself, there is no good reason why he should not hire money to procure that labor, and employ so much of it as he can make profitable. If he want a farm on which to employ his own labor and that of others, there is no good reason why he should not rent a farm upon one year's credit. To such an intelligent cultivator of the soil, who knows just what to do with every dollar of his capital, debt is a great blessing. It is an indispensable means of his achieving competence, and it is to-day one of the great wants of our Connecticut farmers. We want more capital invested in good tools, manures, barn sheds and cellars, stock, and labor. We believe it would be a great blessing to our State if they would invest a million of dollars in these things this coming spring.

The trouble with cultivators of the soil has been not that they incurred debt, but that they made their investments in the wrong places. They sunk their capital instead of using it. They have purchased large farms and not used a quarter of the land. If they have cultivated a part of their farms, it has not been done in a thorough manner. Fifty bushels of corn to the acre will make a man thrive, where seventy-five to the acre will make him a bankrupt. Seventy-five to the acre will pay better than fifty, and a hundred is far within the limits of possibility, as we shall have occasion to show from the records of our husbandry during the last year.

If a man purchases a farm for ten thousand dollars and uses but half of it, he has taxes and interest to pay upon five thousand dollars for which he gets no equivalent. If he is in this amount in debt, and pursues a slovenly method of farming, interest will eat him up. He has undertaken an enterprise too large for his skill and capacity. We must have more capital to work land with and skill to direct it.

We hope then that none of the occupants of the homestead will be frightened by that bug-bear of Mr. Beecher, touching debt. Debt incurred to make your acres double their crops, will not prove a bed of Canada thistles, but of elder down. It will give you refreshing dreams when the thermometer is below zero. It will fill up your eribs with solid corn, palpable to the vision, store your cellars with roots and fill your barns with hay and grain, coat the ribs of your cattle with flesh and fat, and lend a gloss to their skins that skin-dirt parsimony never dreamed of. It will stiffen your back-bone, erect your head, and turn up slightly the rim of your hat with the air of a gentleman who has corn to sell! A muck mine upon your farm unwrought is far worse than the debt it would incur to bring out its treasures. Poor tools are worse than debt. An undrained swamp cropped with alders instead of potatoes is worse than debt. A yard bare of muck and manure is worse than debt. And finally a mind full of ignorant prejudices against improved husbandry is a great deal worse than debt. This ignorance eats worse than interest money, for it blinds its victim to his peril. When the farm is freed from its incubus it can afford to be in debt, and every ordinary crop will pay the interest upon its cost with more certainty and uniformity than any other investment.

**Cellar Bottoms.** The first requisite for a dry cellar, is to have it well drained. It is possible to keep out water with a cement or even when the soil is generally saturated with water; but such a thing would not be very practicable, especially if the walls themselves be not laid in a mortar made of hydraulic cement. Where a cellar is not subjected to an influx of water, the bottom may be made quite dry by putting down a bed of stones laid in water-lime mortar, and then spreading over the surface a grouting or coat of the same kind of mortar. This can be levelled off as smooth as a floor, and if properly made it will become almost as hard as stone, and effectually keeps out water from below. Water-lime, called also hydraulic cement, is a species of lime, or ground stone, which, mixed with good sand in the manner of using common lime, will not be softened by water after it has once become hardened. Sometimes it will even harden under water, though not as it was left first to dry in the air. It is used for plastering the walls of cellars, laying walls of fortifications exposed to water, building canal locks, banks &c. The mortar is mixed like common mortar, but it must be made up no faster than wanted for use, for it cannot be spread after it once "sets," which it does very soon. Water-lime, or hydraulic cement, is quite variable in price, depending upon its quality, the nearness of the quarry where it is obtained, &c. The cost, per yard, of a cement cellar bottom, in any particular locality, will, of course, depend upon the price of wages, lime and stone, and the character of the soil and consequent thickness of layer required.